

A N

E L E G Y

On the much Lamented DEATH of
Sir WALTER ST. JOHN, Baronet,

Who Departed this LIFE July the 2d, 1708. at his Dwelling-House in Battersea.

By WILLIAM ABBOTT.

*Carmina secessum scribentis & otia querunt
Me mare, me venti, me fera jactat Hyems. Ovid.*

GONE! and no Omen to portend thy Fall,
No Prefage to precede thy Funeral!
No dangerous Aspect in the cloudy Skie,
To tell us of our future Misery!
Oh BATTERSEA, what impious Cause of thine
Is it? Wherefore deserved Wrath divine
Hath scourg'd us sore, and made us feel the Smart
Of Punishment, thus in the tend'rest Part;
Men fear the News, and all confounded stand,
And the Inquisitor dares not demand
His Health, but stands mute, least his troubled Ear
Should hear those Words which he's afraid to hear;
All Lips are clos'd up as with a Bar,
Each Eye looks like a fearful Blazing-Star;
They eye each other, as one eyes a Stranger,
They look, and from each Eye they pick a Danger;
At length Man's wretched Tongue finds out a Leak,
Through which the doleful News he's forc'd to speak;
Great St. JOHN's dead, now all amazed stand,
And grieve, because they did his Health demand,
Hoping to hear good News, but Hopes are fled,
The good, the great, the loyal St. JOHN's dead!
Mourn Battersegiens, mourn great St. JOHN's Fate,
And mourn the Loss that we sustain'd of late.
Stand mute ye Muses, for you cannot raise
Your Strains so high to echo forth his Praise;
His Praise, and his alone's divinely high,
Which like a Meteor shineth in the Skie,
Inviron'd round with Rays, till at the last,
It shines so long, that it is overcast;
Such are his Praises, that if every Part
Had what was due to it, no humane Art
Could speak one Word—
Frail wicked Mortals make the World a Stage
Of all Impureness in this present Age,
While ev'ry City serves to be a Scene,
Where every Part is acted that's unclean;
Sodom in Ashes lay, for Wickedness,
For Murders which to them seem'd Happiness:
No less have we deserv'd, but St. JOHN stood,
Like Abram, 'tween us and the Wrath of God.
Can Hills reject their noble Weight, and fly
Like wand'ring Outlaws, in the cloudy Skie?
Can Heavens Poles forbear to wheel around
Their wonted Axis, and fall to the Ground?
Can Winds restrain to wander in the Air?
Can then my Muse to speak his Praise forbear?
But Heaven shall fixed be, and Earth remove,
When my young Muse shall falsifie her Love,
Before I will neglect to speak his Praise,
While wrapt in Death's cold frozen Arms he lays,
The Parthians shall of Aravis River drink,
Or Germany shall dwell by Tybris Brinks
With noble Graces Nature set him forth,
Fierly equip'd to sojourn here on Earth;
And too too well, for Vices here do reign,
But comely Graces did in St. JOHN shine;

Charity is his, 'Virtue's by him obey'd,
To her subjected as its Sovereign Head:
Patience, a Step that tends to Happiness,
This graceful Virtue St. JOHN did embrace;
Honour's a thing that passeth soon away,
But St. JOHN's Praises never shall decay.
These are some Vertues, but for greater I
Can't dive into that true Philosophy,
From whence does flow the only Stream that can
Sum up the Deeds of this beloved Man;
What Man can trace the Series and the Truth
Of *quodam* Times, & express great St. JOHN's Youth;
Prest with comely, princely Vertues, he
Chose Patience as a Step unto Humility;
Vertues so good, they all in one agree,
Which makes him still more glorious seem to be;
Mortals praise whom they please, and Men devise
Their foreign Truths and home-bred fearful Lies;
They fill their Libels with ten Thousand things
Of noble Battles, and of war-like Kings;
These you may say are all Poetical,
But Poets write such things Ironical;
His Praise is firm, and shall be till the World
With much Confusion is to Chaos hurl'd;
Must most beloved St. JOHN's always die;
Shall not his Praise endure eternally?
Can't Mortals breathe in his cold Trunk a Breath
Of Life, and keep him from a frozen Death?
No, mortal Men, such Acts can never do,
For scarcely can they St. JOHN's Praises shew;
We'll search all English *Athens* o'er, but we
Will write his Name in Books of Memory;
Where if once cronicled, the raging Main,
Nor Fire, nor Sword, can e'er blot out again;
These shall be done; but yet he's dead, Oh Grief!
Not Age, nor Time, but Death must give Relief;
Is St. JOHN dead? don't *Thamisis* backward flow?
Why drives the raging Ocean to and fro?
Once blessed *Phæbus*, pray come no more here,
No more approach our mournful Hemisphere;
For ever now remain, Oh dismal Night,
Our present Grief's not suitable with Light;
Let Mourning always in our Sight appear,
Let's put an end unto the rolling Year;
Let's live in Ignorance, his Loss deplore,
Since noble St. JOHN with us lives no more.

EPITAPH.

STand, gentle Reader, drop a mournful Tear,
On pious St. John's Dust that slumb'reth here,
Who conquer'd Death, then to his Saviour fled,
But never dy'd, yet left his Body dead.